THE PACIFIC

VOL. LXII SAN FRANCISCO AND BERKELEY, CAL. AUGUST 21, 1912.

Buckham/W
36 Panoramic Way

THE STREAM THAT IS NEVER CROSSED.

There's many a sorrow and pain I know
As we tread the path of life;
There's many a grief and lasting woe,
And the way is toil and strife.
But the hardest load we have to bear
Is the labor and strength that's lost
In building the bridge with toilsome care
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

We have fretting and worry from morn till night
And anguish weighs on the heart;
The thorny way seems hard to right,
And life is a bitter part.
But there is a burden greater yet,
Much peace of soul it has cost,
It is building a bridge with toil and sweat
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

There's looking for crossings all the day,
And searching along the shore
For a bridge or ford along the way
We shall never travel o'er.
There's sighing for useless toys in vain,
And dreaming of chances lost:
But 'tis hardest to bridge with might and main
The stream that is never crossed.

Then gather the roses along the way,
And treasure the fragrance rare;
Rejoice in the bright and joyous day,
Refusing to borrow care.
For sorrow and pain will surely come,
And your soul be tried and tossed;
But don't be bridging to reach your home
O'er the stream that is never crossed.

THE PACIFIC

Established 1851.

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast. Subscription price, $1.50 a year.

Published weekly by the Publishing Co. of The Pacific, at 447 Minna Street, San Francisco.

(The editor and manager is at 2716 Hillegass Avenue, Berkeley, and prefers to have all letters so addressed.)

Entered as second-class matter January 5, 1909, at the Post Office at San Francisco, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

W. W. Ferrier - - - - - - - Editor

2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley

A BROADENING IN CANADA.

A Toronto correspondent of The Watchman, of Boston, states that the Baptist churches in Canada have been considerably agitated of late by the question of open communion, with the open view gaining ground, due in part to the large influx of old country ministers. It is said that in Western Canada some advocate also the open membership plan. The correspondent is against that, fearing that it would lead to denominational extinction. He says: "If open membership ever prevails the union of Baptists and Pedobaptists is only a matter of time. I am scarcely convinced that the time has come when there is no further need or place for the constructive principles of the Baptists."

We would be highly gratified if our Baptist friends would point out any essential difference between their doctrines and the doctrines of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Methodists, aside from that as to baptism which leads them to close the doors of church membership to the unimmersed.

We have never been able to find any differences as to doctrine between the average Baptist and the average Congregationalist or Presbyterian. Occasionally some Baptist friend has attempted some hair-splitting distinctions quite beyond our comprehension. But the way of salvation ought to be so plain that a wayfaring man though a fool could not err therein—that is, as to comprehending it.

We hail, as many others do, this change which is going on in Canada. If the Protestant churches of this continent are to do the work they are called to do in the 20th century there will have to be a coming together which will be possible by an insistence only on the **essentials** of salvation. Neither our Baptist nor our "Christian" brethren believe in baptismal regeneration. They admit that the unimmersed are Christians. Here is the entering wedge which we believe will bring them, in the face of the awful waste and ineffectiveness of present-day religious work, to the open membership plan. In the emergency that is pressing upon the Christian world today nothing that is not essential is worthy the least insistence.

CHURCH SYNDICALISM.

Methodists were for a long time such sticklers for denominationalism that it is with much gratification we find the following editorial in one of their leading papers, The Northwestern Christian Advocate, of Chicago. It is under the caption of "Church Syndicalism":

"A denominationalism that puts a church before the church, that makes a sect, however prosperous and efficient it has been, more important than the universal Christian brotherhood, does not truly represent the spirit of Christ, and is not in accord with the manifest leadings of God in these twentieth century days. Does any candid observer believe that the Methodist or the Baptist or the Episcopal, or any other denominational type of Church life, is the highest and final expression of the kingdom of God in the world? The conception of union, combination, coordination for the accomplishment of otherwise unattainable results is being thrust upon the age in which we live. It is being seriously questioned whether competition is the highest condition of business prosperity and commercial welfare. That a tremendous victory or a tremendous defeat of the Church of Christ lies within the compass of the next few decades is felt by most of those in the vanguard of the Kingdom's advance. If that victory is to be achieved, the competitive principle of Christian work and church life must be abandoned. The things that separate must be got rid of, and the things that unite must be magnified. We are among those who believe that when Christ prayed for all that should believe on him through the apostles, "that they all may be one; as thou, Father, are in me and I in thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that thou hast sent me," he meant that very thing, and, if there seem to be barren days in spiritual things, days of suspended animation in many of our churches, it is because God cannot go any further in the spiritual conquest of the world until his church puts itself into a combination, a unified body, that is able to receive and respond to a mighty outpouring of the Spirit. Look at the waste of time, money, individual effort, and spiritual resources in many of our overchurched and religiously underfed communities, half a dozen churches appealing to the same people for support and struggling for existence rather than for conquest. No wonder that they have ceased to be attractive and compelling forces in their neighborhood. No individual Church anywhere ought to be in the low and pitiful business of appealing for its own support. It is not in the world as a beggar for life, it is in the world to impart life. Clustering from five to ten churches in the midst of one or two hundred families to minister to them when one or two could do it with greater efficiency and with increased power is not calculated to command the respect of thinking people or the favor of God.

"If we understand correctly the meaning of syndicalism as applied to labor interests, it contemplates the union of all the labor organizations of the world in one body. Syndicalism of that sort is needed in the church, and the times are ripening for its realization. **The movement is in the air. Let us help and hasten it.**"

Truly, the world does move! If all the Methodist papers will take the position which the Northwestern Advocate has taken and keep the evils of the competitive system of church work before the people, the Church will ere long be in condition to move on for the spiritual conquest of the world. The Pacific has long argued for church unity, or for such co-operation as would bring as rich practical results as organic union would, and often with the thought that

we were only weakening Congregationalism. But of late it has been evident that the leaven has been working, though slowly, in other denominations, and the dawning of better things is heralded.

We are of opinion that our contemporary puts more into Syndicalism in the industrial world than belongs there. At present, Syndicalism, as we understand it, does not contemplate the union of all labor organizations into one body, but the union of all in any one industry. That is, those would unite who are engaged in a somewhat common or similar work. The churches have a common work. It is in the marching orders given by the Man of Nazareth, "Go ye and make disciples of all nations." It is to bring men and women into right relations with God. If the churches are going to do that they must co-operate, and the co-operation must be practical, up-to-date, suited to the age. We are not just now prepared to say that it must be organic union; but we are ready to say that it must at least be a federation which will enable the Church of Christ to move as one grand army.

Our civil war was not brought to a close until with Grant as commander-in-chief, every division was in the closest co-operation with every other. The great head of the church militant of course is Christ, but it is only through human instruments that he can work; and the message the Spirit is sounding in the ears of disciples today is, expresed in the commonest of words, "Get Together."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

The Northern California Congregational churches reported a net gain for 1911 of 126; Southern California 766; Washington 709; Oregon 466; Idaho 56; Arizona 12; Utah 90. Nevada reported a loss of 29.

According to the figures in the last Congregational year book there were 27,502 Congregationalists in California; 13,844 in Washington; 5,601 in Oregon; 1,969 in Idaho; 411 in Arizona; 1,475 in Utah; 215 in Nevada.

The last Congregational year book reports 4 pastors installed in Northern California and 12 recognized by council. In Southern California the installed number 4, the recognized 70. In Washington the installed number 6; the recognized 5.

A men's club in a Presbyterian Church in Pennsylvania maintains a pastor at the Chemawa Indian School, near Salem, Oregon. During the last year 106 persons have professed conversion and 100 have united with a church of their own choice, it being the aim to lead them to accept Christ, not the church. Naturally many of them have united with the Presbyterian Church.

A nephew of Abbas Effendi, who lives in Pasadena, claims that the Bahai prophet is recreant to the teachings of his father, Baha Ullah, the founder of the cult. He declares that Baha Ulla wrote in the "Book of My Covenant" that after himself no other "manifestation" would arise for a thousand years, and that whosoever claimed to be "the manifestation of God" before the completion of the thousand years would be an imposter.

In the Northern California Congregational Conference the additions to church membership in 1911 were 1,395; of this number 577 were on confession; by letter 818. In Southern California there was a total of 2,008; on confession 704; by letter 1,304. In Washington the total additions were 1,944; on confession 979; by letter 1,015. In Oregon the total number was 836; on confession 336; by letter 500. In Idaho, total 220; on confession 81; by letter 139.

The Presbyterian Church, according to statistics gathered early in 1912, has 43,530 members in California; 24,918 in Washington; 13,985 in Oregon; 3,227 in Idaho; 3,869 in Arizona and 1,920 in Utah. The First Church of Seattle reports a membership of 4,800; Immanuel of Los Angeles, 2,239; First of Pasadena 1,555; First of Portland 1,232; First of Spokane 1,116; First of Oakland 1,061. The First Presbyterian Church of Seattle has the largest membership of any in the country. The second largest is Bethany of Philadelphia, with 3,488 members.

The Rev. E. S. Hodgin of Los Angeles wrote recently to The Christian Register of Boston: "The calm and poiseful way in which the better women of this city are organizing themselves into good citizenship organizations for the education of themselves and their sisters is a promise that the women are likely to be better prepared for the political crises, that are sure to arise in the future than will the men, and this preparedness on the part of the women is bound to have an excellent influence upon the men." A Seattle correspondent writes as follows of the activities of women in that city: "In Seattle we have twenty-four women's clubs and upwards of two thousand members, all combined in one central club, 'The City Federation of Women's Clubs.' These include the most virile, brainy, and progressive women in the city. They have their civic, welfare, juvenile court, educational and pure food committees; and in the municipal affairs of the city no body of men begins to do the work, to command and compel for good, to discuss intelligently and understand all problems, as do these club women. In the recall election of last year and in our civic housecleaning they were the aggressive and controlling force."

The Rev. Dr. Hanson suggests in The California Christian Advocate that the Methodists take action at the next conference at Pacific Grove looking toward a church exhibit at the Panama Pacific Exposition and that other denominations be invited to co-operate. Dr. Hanson says: "To have this great exposition devoted entirely to a display of objects betokening material advancement and the achievements of our Pacific Coast states and other regions in the arts and sciences would indicate a failure to appreciate the value of one of the most potent agencies in the development of conditions to which the Fair of 1915 is to call general attention. That particular agency has been **Protestant Christianity** as represented by the several great religious denominations. In saying this, the writer does not overlook or seek to minimize the great work done by the Roman Catholic church, first in behalf of the coast Indians, and later on in caring for a heavy population which, through previous education, has naturally turned for help towards that communion. But it is not to be forgotten that along with the gold seekers and adventurous settler came the pioneer missionaries of the Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Congregational and other evangelical bodies, and that these men and their associates in faith and service laid the real foundations of Anglo-American civilization on this coast. No great 'Exposition,' which on these shores undertakes to present the historic and industrial evidences of our progress from the semi-barbarous conditions of sixty years ago to the splendid material, educa-

tional and political estate of today, should be pronounced complete unless it shall comprehend some conspicuous place for the display of tokens indicative of the part our several religious denominations have taken in this development. But, if we want such recognition from the directorate of this fair, we shall probably need to ask for it early and with considerable emphasis, and in a way to inspire confidence in our ability to "make good." It is scarcely to be supposed that our Roman Catholic friends, who in late years have shown such unvarying readiness to claim for their church popular recognition as the chief defender of all cherished American institutions, will overlook this splendid opportunity to exploit the heroic work of their padres and priests and nuns, and the marked influence of their varied activities on coast development. We need to be awake to this contingency and to "get busy" as soon as possible. Fortunately for us, our brethren of the Pacific Northwest have already pioneered the way in this undertaking, their 'Diamond Jubilee' exhibit in the Alaska-Yukon Pacific Exposition of 1909 having been put in shape and maintained with conspicuous success. It was in every way a splendid display of the material agencies employed by the pioneer Methodists of that region, together with memorabilia of their great deeds, of surpassing interest. Doubtless much of the fine material used at the Seattle Fair could be secured for a similar exhibition here."

THE SERVANT PROBLEM CONSIDERED IN THE PULPIT.

The Rev. Willard Brown Thorp, pastor of the First Congregational Church of San Diego is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Social Service." In the one on "Domestic Service" he said in part:

"So long as the idea prevails that domestic service is unskilled labor, that it is drudgery, that it is menial and relegates the worker to a lower or servant caste, and so long as certain other disagreeable conditions prevail, it is not strange that it is hard to get first-class girls to do household work.

"A great change is coming, however, over our ideas of the status of household service. The feeling of both employer and employe about it is changing. The new idea is here. The women who have grasped it and are adjusting to it have no difficulty in getting and keeping good help. And the girls who are grasping it are finding in housework an attractive and exceedingly profitable vocation.

"It is not a menial occupation. It is honorable work, and entitles the one who is doing it well to regard herself with pride and to be treated with respect. The day is rapidly passing when a woman can speak slightingly of the girl who helps in her household, as if to do that work implied that one was ignorant and servile and could do nothing else. There was a time not long ago when to be a nurse was thought menial. Today it is a high and honorable profession to give skilled care to the sick. Why shall not the same be true of domestic service?

"It is skilled labor. The people who think anybody can do household work do not know what they are talking about. It is a mistake to suppose that every woman is by nature fitted to do housework, just because she is a woman. Some cannot even learn to do it well. The schools are recognizing the skilled nature of housework by teaching domestic science; and such instruction as is now given is only the beginning of what is to come in the future.

"It is not drudgery—or rather, it is drudgery only when it is done poorly. To cook a meal well and serve it daintily; to keep a house in such order that everything is fresh and sweet and attractive from the bathroom to the kitchen porch—that is not drudgery. The girl who has the instinct, the gift, the art of doing that, will take pride and satisfaction in her work. The construction of the modern house with all its conveniences is making possible and inviting a different type of household work. The standards of cleanliness and beauty in the home are being raised; and that in itself is elevating our conception of the work which achieves these results.

"It is no mark of social inferiority that the domestic does not join the family at table or in the household circle in the living room. It is partly a matter of convenience and partly because the family is entitled to the privacy of its own circle. She does not belong there, except by invitation, any more than does the man who happens to be rooming in the house. She may not care to associate intimately with them any more than they with her. It is to be assumed that she will have her own friends, and will go with them.

"It requires as much training to make a good house mistress as it does to make a good domestic. If a woman is always having 'bad luck' with her help, it is usually her own fault or the fault of some condition in the family; for, of course, if the home is an unhappy one, the echoes of the family jars are certain to be heard in the kitchen.

"Some women assume that because a girl works for them they have a right to exercise a supervision over her whole life. Some go to the other extreme and take no personal interest at all in the girl, even when it would be welcomed. In an increasing number of homes, however, the relation is a very pleasant one. Maid and mistress become personal friends, often pupil and teacher. The idea that employment in domestic service will interfere with a girls prospects is a great mistake. If a girl has fine quality in her, I believe it will be recognized quicker by those with whom she comes in contact in domestic service than almost anywhere else.

"A darker side of the picture is in the temptations to which the domestic servant is exposed. A large proportion of girls living an immoral life date their fall to a time when they were employed as domestics, and in many cases the man who was responsible for it was a member of the family.

"Perhaps the greatest need of the girls who are doing household work today is wholesome conditions of recreation. Like everybody else they want a good time, friends, merriment, social life. In default of a home where they can invite their friends, the streets, the theaters and the dancehalls become their natural resorts.

"Here is a great opportunity for social service. It is hoped that when the Y. W. C. A. gets its new building it will provide a place for properly conducted dances and other amusements such as girls enjoy. The good intentions of such institutions have often been defeated because the rules have been so strict that young people have not felt that they could enjoy themselves. Moreover, we must not expect to succeed with young men and women by penning them up in separate institutions, and assuming that each can have the best possible time all by themselves. The girls want to meet the boys, and it is right that they should. It is here that the social life of the churches renders a great service, encouraging wholesome and natural friendships between young men and young women."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Among the new books announced by the Thomas Y. Crowell Company of New York is one by Dr. Jefferson of Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on "The Minister as Shepherd." It treats of the duties and responsibilities of clergymen outside of their pulpits. "Light on Life's Difficulties" by James Allen is a practical discussion and solution of some of the difficulties encountered by every one from day to day. In "Spiritual Surgery," by Oliver Huckel, pointed truths in spiritual lines are treated in a novel and striking fashion. "Through South America" by H. W. Van Dpke, presents a careful consideration and description of all the countries of that continent, and has a special chapter on the Panama Canal. In "A Mexican Journal" there is a complete survey of that country by one who is thoroughly conversant with its political, commercial and industrial affairs.

Recently an important step was taken toward intercommunion between the Church of England and the Church of Russia. This consisted of action by the upper house of the convocation of Canterbury in the passing of a resolution expressing approval of the purpose of a society formed in Russia with the object of making the doctrines and practices of the English and Eastern churches better known to each other. The bishop of Oxford said that this society had been approved by the holy governing synod of the Russian church, Father Pullar, of the society of St. John the Evangelist had recently lectured before the leaders of the Russian church and his statements concerning the English church had been listened to with favor. The archbishop of Canterbury said: "I attribute to the visit paid to Russia by Father Pullar a great deal of importance in connection with the step now proposed. But sometimes I am afraid that efforts of that unofficial kind might be to some extent so conducted as to retard what we desire by endeavoring to go a little too fast. Nobody can fail to see difficulties, theological, ecclesiastical, social and political. It is impossible to read the records of Russian life in its social aspect without some of us feeling that we should shrink from identifying ourselves with a civil life that takes some steps with regard to the political government of its people which we should in some ways reprobate. We understand that the civil and ecclesiastical life of Russia are so closely intertwined as to make the social aspect of the question one which we ought not to ignore or belittle. My firm belief is that the formation of an organization of this kind will tend in the direction we desire."

By decree of the Six Companies the Chinese Joss house in New York City is to abandoned. The Christian Advocate says that a meeting hall in correspondence with the progressive ideas of the new civilization will take its place. Out will go the carved image of Buddha to the highest bidder. The big bell, by which the joss man was accustomed to call the attention of the immortals to the offerings which worshipers had placed before them, will be disposed of in the same way. The keeper of the heathen temple has already departed. The temple gifts have been declining in quantity because the notions of the western world have crept into the minds of the oriental denizens of this section of the city. The progressive element is determined to abolish all signs of heathenism. The revenues derived from curious visitors have served for some time to maintain these evidences of an ancient faith. The sightseeing automobile parties, which have nightly made their pilgrimage to this quarter, have been responsible for the retention of many things in which the Chinese residents themselves long since lost interest. "We think it very funny," said a merchant of the district to a reporter of the New York Herald, "when you break a bottle on a ship that is going into the water for the first time, just as it is very funny when you put a horseshoe over the door of a house. It is like that with our idols. It is true that we do not worship the joss any more. That is what you call foolishness. When we come to this country maybe we are not Christians, but we do not believe in idols any more." The Advocate remarks: "The thrust made by this speaker at the notorious superstitions of enlightened Americans is worthy of solemn meditation. It will be interesting to note whether this new departure in Chinatown will be advantageous to the work of the missionaries as a settlement worker in that quarter has intimated may be the result."

One of the most popular addresses at the Northfield Conference of Christian Workers this year was that of the Rev. Fred. Paton of the New Hebrides. In the course of his address he said: "A missionary once went to the Canadian Northwest who returned saying that there was not enough scope for his abilities in that limited field. When this report was heard at the synod, one of the ministers moved that a committee be appointed to measure the length of the ass's ears. In my experience I have found use for everything I ever knew. At one of our schools there were boys from different islands who never spoke to each other, for there was a probability that the father of one had eaten the father of the other and it was not desirable to investigate the matter too deeply. So I taught them cricket and you ought to have seen those boys get acquainted. My engineering knowledge was also exercised when I got a motor boat. I got a second-hand one. It is wonderful to what depths of sin one can fall when trying to make the thing go in a heavy sea only to discover after several hours' effort that there is no gasoline in the tank. Yet that motor boat when it did go was instrumental in saving several lives as I have steered it 30 miles through rough water to get a patient to the hospital. After I had been on the field six months, I spoke the language fluently: I haven't spoken it so fluently since then. I discovered one day that I had been praying for 'unclean hearts' right along and the natives had not told me because the foreigners always meant the opposite of what they said. Then the translating of the Bible will demand the very best one can offer. I have often waited three months to get one word that will convey the exact meaning wanted. It is certainly not true that one has not scope enough in the foreign field and I want some of you men to come and help. You won't be missed at home, but everyone that stays here makes a wide gap in the distant lands. In this country you couldn't shoot a pistol off in a large city without bowling over five or six doctors of divinity, while out there you could shoot an 80-ton cannon and only hit five or six Christians. You are wanted and, if you cannot come, we need your prayers.'

SNOBBISHNESS AMONG WORKINGMEN.

Rev. Charles Stelzle.

In a little Minnesota railroad town are three women's clubs—one composed of the wives of the engineers, another consisting of the wives of the firemen, while the third is made up of the wives of the brakemen. It is absolutely impossible for the wives of the firemen to join the club composed of the wives of the engineers, and as for the wives of the brakemen—they simply aren't in it. And all their husbands belong to the Brotherhood!

In the average machine shop there are at least half a

dozen different grades of society among the employes. The draftsmen—who regard themselves as professional men—feel that they are just a bit above the pattern makers, who wear aprons, instead of coats, as they work. The pattern makers consider themselves a whole lot better than the machinists, because they wear white shirts in the shops instead of overalls, and because they earn about half a dollar a day more. But the machinists have a notion that they are better than the molders, because the molders job is dirtier, and, in some ways, appears less "scientific." The modlers look down on the tinsmiths. The whole bunch despise the common laborer. They decline to eat their lunches and drink their beer in the same corner with him, and when he goes out on a job with the mechanics he is treated like a pack-horse, and isn't considered worth talking to.

The average clerk in a department store regards himself as superior to the artisan and laborer. He doesn't want to be known as a "workingman"—not he. He imagines that he is in the same grade of society as the owner of the store. He tries hard to live the part, even though he sleeps in a dinky hall bedroom and dines on chocolate eclair and a glass of milk. He wears better clothes than the mechanic, and he tries to be counted as a member of swell society—that is, it is "swell" in the sense that it apes the doings of the rich.

Talk about the "aristocracy of labor"? There's a sense in which labor has a right to be proud, because it is producing something that's worth while, instead of grafting on the rest of the world. But this is the only reason that it has for counting itself of better stuff than the parasite who lives on the labor of others. Any sort of aristocracy that causes one workingman to look down upon another workingman because he happens to wear a different kind of working clothes, or because he earns a few cents a day less, or because he has a job which compels him to do some things which most of us don't like to do—such aristocracy is a curse to labor, and the workers should be heartily ashamed of it.

The workers may be assured that there will never be real progress for their class until they get together and determine that they will advance together. And the sooner they learn that they must depend upon no outside influence, but absolutely upon themselves, the more rapid will be their progress.

But labor will never advance, so long as a cheap snobbishness dominates among the various groups that constitute the working people.

MORE ANCIENT HISTORY.

By J. Rowell.

Panamenos of the Olden Time.

These might well be classed as the denizens of the upper and the lower stories. The houses were of two or three stories in height, built of stone and covered with stucco, the upper stories, projecting beyond the lower, so as to overhang the narrow sidewalks. The upper stories were held by the hidalgos, merchants and people who were supposed to live without work, and the lower by the hucksters and the rabble. We will first study the people of the lower stories.

These were divided into small rooms in front, occupied by trendas, (petty merchandise shops,) coffee shops, and petty mechanics, and the rooms in the rear for cooking and sleeping. We need not enter these, for in the daytime nearly all the dwellers, old and young, were on the streets and sidewalks. They were a mongrel crowd of all shades of black in color, Indians, negros, mulattos and what not. The Indians were the better class by far, being less corrupted by intercourse with so-called whites; the negros came next, and the mulattos were the worst of all. The lighter the color, the viler the character.

Nearly the first thing noticeable in looking at the throngs of women and children was the variety in color of the children of most families. The explanation of this anomaly was that while all families had mothers, most of them had no fathers. Marriages and children were erroneously disproportionate. One reason for this was that few of these people could afford the priest's prices for marrying, and another, that few men cared to assume the burden of supporting children. Few of this throng of children ever knew the blessing of paternal love, and most of them knew no more of maternal affection than do kittens and puppies. They went about naked, they gathered food where they could find it, they ate offal and dirt, and many of them carried about the deformity of distended paunches, in consequence.

Nakedness was no shame to young or old. Most women wore scant clothing, boys and girls of ten years and on got a little clothing, somehow, at least a ragged shirt, and most men wore some clothes; but naked men and women were not rarely seen. The early passengers over the Isthmus went up the Chagres river in boats propelled by men entirely naked, and when the coming of women passengers made this inadmissible, they would not wear the loin cloths given them unless paid for doing so. And years later than this, when the crowds of foreigners made clothing necessary for all but children, I saw naked women where they thought they might be unobserved. Yet unlike Adam and Eve in Paradise, these older people knew that they were naked, while the children did not.

Of course these vagrant children were, generally, wholly unschooled, but one branch of education was not neglected. nearly all children were taught to pray to Mary. I was sitting, one morning, in a tienda kept by a tan-colored young woman, when her little naked son, evidently just awakened, ran out from the inner room, knelt by his mother's knees, put up his little black hands, and uttered his brief morning prayer. It was a touching sight, but my heart cried, "Oh, that he knew of Jesus instead of Mary!" Yet, especially after the government at Bogota had made some provision for common schools, a good many of these children received some rudiments of education. In cities like Panama, schools and teachers of very poor character were provided, and many boys were taught to read, write and count money—this last being considered most important. Some girls also were put in charge of some stay-at-home old woman, who could read a little, or if not this, knew how to sew or plait grass, and for a pittance learned what she knew. They had some cards and shabby little books contining the alphabet and some prayers to Mary. My tracts and New Testaments were eagerly sought for school use. Nearly all this desire for learning, however, was then quite modern. The common schools, attended only by boys of the lower stories, were a new order. In these schools one thing was taught—"urbanidad"—politeness which is rarely taught in our schools. These naked brats often surprised the rude strangers by their civility. That pest of our cities, troops of wild rough boys, was unknown here. These boys were treacherous, but

they were polite, and whitewash is a better covering for rough walls than none at all.

I was often surprised at the aptness of these negro children in business matters. A little boy or girl ten years old was left for hours in sole charge of the "tienda," serving customers without mistake, and when boys came to collect rent or washbills, they rarely made mistakes in counting the coins of different nations. But then, their gods were money and Mary.

But I have more to say of these lower story people than I have room for now.

AN AFTERNOON AT RUDYERD FIORD, ALASKA.

W. N. Burr.

"Alaska's newest wonder, an ocean Yosemite," it is called on the folders of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company. It is the first feature of special interest on the summer excursion trips of this Company's boats after crossing the boundary line between British Columbia and Alaska.

Imagine an inlet eleven miles long and about one-half mile wide branching off from the main waterway of the "inside passage." This fiord is floored with still water that is from five hundred to one thousand feet deep, and is walled in by precipitous cliffs and island-mountains three-quarters of a mile high. Perhaps between two of these may be seen, just back of them, a still higher elevation rising sheer from the water, presenting the almost perpendicular face of a mighty rock-mountain, perfectly bare, not a tree on it; and the coloring on that great rock-surface like the blending of innumerable flower-petals set against a tender gray background. Most of these elevations, however, are covered with timber from the water's edge to the summit. The work of man's hands has been left behind. We did see two or three little huts that Indian fishermen had at some time occupied, looking like rude little dolls' houses, on some of these great hills near the water-line; but with this exception, one running into Rudyerd Fiord sees only God's work, not man's.

Outside the inlet and not far from the entrance, standing out in the waters all by itself, rises Eddystone Rock, a huge monolith, said to be two hundred and thirty-four feet high. It stands there like a lone sentinel to guard the entrance to the sacred precincts of the fiord.

We approached this "sentinel rock," but not unheedingly. The very fact that it stood there was a promise of something beyond that is worth guarding; for sentinels are not posted anywhere and everywhere without purpose. We were challenged. Those who had ears to hear heard the challenge—"Who goes there?" Some of us must have given the countersign correctly, for we were permitted to pass through into the holy place. And soon the spell of it was upon us. We seemed to be in the secret place of the Most High, floating quietly into a throne-room, into some marvelous Presence-chamber of the Great Creator. We spoke almost in whispers, if we spoke at all. And some of us were very conscious of a great voice crying in the heart of us, "The Lord is in his holy temple; let all the earth keep silence before Him!"

It is possible that some who were on the boat did not enter Rudyerd Fiord that day, but lingered outside the real entrance way, possibly sensing vaguely something rare in that which the natural eye could see, but not entering into the joy of real revelation; but to some of us the glory of God was manifest.

As we advanced, the sense of the Unseen in that which was seen increased. It has been said that reverence and awe have been almost eliminated from the modern life, so much are we given to lusting after the leeks and onions of Egypt. But we were under the influence of a finer ideal that day, we were touching the throbbing pulse of a life within our common life. The towering island-mountains, gemmed with the emerald of evergreen trees and the sparkle of silvery waterfalls; the almost glassy water over which our boat floated as a swan floats in its dreams; the massiveness, the silence—there was strength, protection, tenderness in it all; and we were weak and helpless, needing it all. As little children nestle in the strong arms and against the breast of a wise, able, loving father and feel their weakness sheltered, and their welfare assured in his strength, so we in our impotence felt ourselves compassed about by a protecting Power that was typified by theNature-might by which we were surrounded. The tongues in the trees; the voice of mountain, rock, water, sky, spoke tenderly, soothingly, assuringly, and our hearts were at rest under the spell of an overshadowing Might.

Blessed is the man who knows the comradeship of Nature,

"Who loves them well—the open sky,
The sunset woods and quiet dell,
The silver stream that rushes by,
The heights where wide-winged eagles dwell—
Until he comes to his life's end
He shall not want a faithful friend,
Who loves them well."

"Nothing in it but dream-stuff," is somebody saying? That depends. It is but vapory dream-stuff if there is nothing of it but the mere strength of the hills. For Nature cannot comfort, she can only suggest the source of comfort. Nature cannot strengthen, and soothe, and assure, she can only suggest might, and power, and wisdom, and tenderness. Take your torn, or your worn and weary life and go lean hard against some great, strong natural rock and the rock is unresponsive, without life, without power, save the power of suggestion. Turn when trouble is upon you and look upon some such scene of wonder as that which greeted our eyes at Rudyerd Fiord and marvelous as it is it cannot give relief save the relief of suggestion. The Healer, the Comforter, the Strengthener is not found by him who turns merely to Nature, but by the man who has learned to "look through Nature up to Nature's God." The heavens declare not their own might and power, but the heavens declare the glory of God. The firmament showeth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, but the days do not talk to each other about themselves. The days speak of Him who created them—who said "Let there be light," and there was—light! and the nights reveal the hand of the Great Creator.

The Master was constantly pressing the need of spiritual vision upon the people to whom He talked. "Except a man be born again he cannot see the Kingdom of God." We have probably wasted a great deal of precious time and strength over our theological differences concerning the doctrine of the new birth that would better have been spent in just keeping close to the Master, and following His lead into the Kingdom of God, and looking upon the rare things

that God hath prepared for them that love Him. The Great Father is able to attend to our new birth if we will let Him. That is His business, not ours. Instead of wasting time over inquisitive questions concerning "**how** can these things be," we would better just yield to Him, and let Him in His own way give us eyes to be seeing the Kingdom of God. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him; but God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."

"The heavens declare the glory of God"—some see the heavens but not the glory. "The firmament showeth His handiwork." Some see the firmament but not the hand that spread it, and dotted it with worlds. We looked upon wonders of natural beauty at Rudyerd Fiord, but some who were here saw perhaps only the outer form, and that but vaguely, without the vision of the quickened spirit.

And perhaps one may say "I **cannot** see, and feel, beyond that which is natural. I have no artistic or poetic or spiritual sense. So, as it is impossible to awaken that which I do not possess, I must content myself with the seen thing which is temporal. Things unseen and eternal are too fine for me to grasp."

But I am sure we may all of us come to a finer understanding of the **heart** of things, if we will. Mozart composed his immortal "Requiem" on an old, broken-down spinet stored in a garret. A master hand can play on anything. Our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, is not less masterful in spiritual realities than was Mozart in music. He can play on anything, even on a broken-down life, if He may be allowed to place His hands upon the keys. Then the heavens shall be declaring to us continually the glory of God, and the firmament will be showing to us His handiwork. Day unto day will be uttering speech that we shall hear, and night unto night will be showing knowledge that shall be revealed to us. And life will mean more, many of its mysteries will be explained, as we learn to estimate values under the light of the heart of things, revealed by Jesus Christ.

La Canada, California.

THE RIGHT KIND OF INCREASE.

James M. Campbell.

Increase of some sort all men are seeking. The child wants to grow in size; the youth on the athletic field wants to gain in strength; the scholar wants to grow in knowledge. Men in general want to grow in wealth, in power, or in fame.

In seeking increase we are not always mindful to strive after the best. We are prone to worship mere bigness. We put size before quality, form before substance. We apply standards of measurement which have to do with the externals of things, and which are utterly inadequate to furnish an estimate of spiritual values. As a nation we are perpetually boasting of the miraculous increase of our wealth, and of our population; as if these things constituted the summum bonum of national prosperity. Our cities vie with one another as to which can grow the fastest; as if mere bulk were the thing to be desired, and to be striven after. Our appraisement is wrong, being founded upon the fundamental mistake of regarding bigness as synonymous with greatenss.

It is not to be greatly wondered at that the Church of today is falling into the same mistake; that she is seeking for increase in numbers, in equipment, and in wealth, instead of in the things of the spirit, which are in the sight of God of great price.

In his Epistle to the Colossians, Paul uses an expression which indicates the kind of increase which the church of Christ ought to seek after. Speaking of the Church as the body of Christ which derives its life from him as its living head, he describes it as increasing "with the increase of God" (2:19). "The increase of God!"—what do these striking words mean? They evidently refer to the kind of increase which is from God—the kind which he works for; the kind which he produces; and hence, the kind which he values; the kind which for us is worth having.

Elsewhere Paul explicitly makes known the nature of this increase. He describes it as "increase in love;" "increase in the joy of the Lord;" "increase in the fruits of righteousness." These and similar expressions clearly show that the increase referred to is spiritual; that it has to do with the things of the soul rather than with the things of the outward life.

By parity of reasoning the idea of "the increase of God" implies that there may be an increase which is not of God; an increase which did not originate in him, and of which he takes no gratifying account. With respect to the enlargement of the outer life, or of the outward things of his house he is not indifferent; but these are of subordinate value; and have no special interest to him unless accompanied by spiritual increase. For the true life of a man, and of a church, alike, does not consist in the abundance of things possessed, but in the use that is made of them.

In the present day the deepest solicitude is felt touching the waning of interest in institutional Christianity; and the consequent decline in attendance upon the services of the church. It is pathetic to witness the dire straits to which preachers are being driven to attract and win back the alienated classes. Ordinary methods having failed, popular lectures, stereopticon displays, moving picture shows, and similar devices are being tried. The false assumption in all these cases being that the desirable things; the things which must be secured at any cost, are increased attendance at the public services, increase in the roll of membership, and increase in the revenues of the church. And when by any means these things have been attained, there is a sense of smug satisfaction, and the church is spoken of as in a flourishing condition.

But all these ends may be realized without there being anything of what Paul speaks of as "the increase of God." The increase may be all of man. It may be of a worldly sort. It may be utterly worthless when tested by God's rule of measurement; although fair to look upon it may partake of the nature of the wood, hay and stubble, which the fire of God's judgment shall consume. Statistics, even when they do not lie, seldom tell the whole truth. Our Year Books tell of outward growth, but do not tell of spiritual growth. What kind of an increase is that which fills the church with unregenerate members? At the beginning of things it was said that the Lord added to the church day by day those that were being saved. That was increase of God and increase of the right kind. And when Paul said to the Corinthians, "I planted, Apollos watered, and God gave the increase," the divine increase of which he was thinking was undoubtedly spiritual increase; for that, in my estimation, is the only kind that is worth while; and that is the only kind, moreover, that will be accepted at the face value, in the final summing up of things, when the

judgment values of the world are reversed and, the first shall be last, and the last first.

It is high time that we were done with our false appraisement of Church values, and admit that outward increase is not necessarily of God, and that as God rates things a church is not strong because it is large, or weak because it is small. Indeed, while increased with goods it may become spiritually poor; and on the other hand its increase of spiritual riches may be accompanied by outward shrinkage. A church may often have to lose its life to save it.

The church increase that is worthy of being entitled "the increase of God" has this significant characteristic, being increase in the things that are of vital worth, it is increase in the things that last. It is in striking contrast to the ephemeral increase with which God has no connection; which he mercifully forgets; and which even its unsatisfied possessors have small pleasure in remembering. The spiritual, being in the deepest sense from God, is part of himself, and is hence imperishable.

Avalon, Cal.

DIOTREPHES.

In one of the smaller cities of New England there is a Congregational church (so recognized in the Year Book but possibly not counted as such on high) known in the community under this scarcely respectful nickname "The one man Church." This one man is a deacon and I suppose, a man of considerable wealth. In my visits to New England churches I have often observed this to be the case. The contrast between New England and California in this respect constantly confronted me, almost forty years ago, when after a canvass of our churches in the effort to establish our Seminary, I went to many churches in New England to plead our cause. Reaching a city not before visited, met at the depot by the hospitable pastor, walking with him to the comfortable parsonage, we would pass extensive and well kept grounds, and a fine mansion crowning them. If from curiosity I asked as to the owner I would be told that it was Deacon Smith or Jones. But when in the months preceding, I entered a California village, and enquired for Deacon Smith or Jones, a very lowly cottage in the outskirts, would be pointed out to me, and I found the good deacon with a consuming zeal for God's house like that of the Master's and giving what he gave out of his poverty very much as the widow did whom Jesus saw and made to be remembered through the ages.

This deacon of "The one man Church" is now old and too deaf to hear preaching and consequently seldom seen in the Sunday assemblies. An able minister, possibly, somewhat of the old style, not given to pastoral work, and consequently not in close touch with his people, personally suited the old deacon well, and he continued in the pastorate for a quarter of a century, and even then resigned only as called to a responsible position in one of our Missionary Societies. His successor was a friend of mine; a good preacher though possibly not a great one, but a pastor who wished to know heart to heart the members of his flock. According to the reports in the year books the additions to the Church on confession had for a good while averaged less than five annually and the total additions a little more than six. The first year of the new pastor showed, with no imported evangelism, 69 added on confession and 27 by letter: the second year the harvest was less 18 on confession and 10 by letter and soon after the close of this year the edict went forth that this pastor must go; and he went, and the only reason I have heard for this, is that the Deacon said so.

When I heard of this I bethought me of the apostle John who suffered in like manner, from one Diotrephes. The account appears in that brotherly letter to "Gaius the beloved" for whom the beloved disciple could ask nothing better as to his physical and material condition than that in these he might prosper "even as thy soul prospereth." "I wrote somewhat to the church: but Diotrephes who loveth to have the pre-eminence among them, receiveth us not." When John wrote this letter he was an aged man, perhaps the sole surviving representative of the original company of apostles. No writings breathe the spirit of Jesus more sweetly and perfectly than this, but his words following this mention of one who loved to have the pre-eminence and tried to close the door of the church upon those who had served it well, reminds one of a like indignation which when young he felt respecting a village of the Samaritans that refused hospitality to Jesus: "Lord wilt thou that we bid fire to come down from heaven and consume them." So now, but with no wish for a lightning stroke, he writes—"Therefore if I come, I will bring to remembrance his works which he doeth, prating against us with wicked words." It appears that John was not the only sufferer from this Diotrephes dictating and prating, in the exercise of an authority assumed in his own selfishness:—never conferred upon him by our Lord. And, so it was doubtless with this retiring pastor: he suffered not alone.

I wonder whether any of our churches in California is cursed by the presence in it of a Diotrephes. I am not writing this because I know of any. Thank God, I know of none. But then I do not know them all. Nothing can be more absolutely opposite than this to the Spirit of Christ and to the commandment he left us after he had set us an example by washing his disciples' feet. Certainly in no society of any sort could Diotrephes be more distinctly out of place than in a Congregational church. What is our motto unless this: "One is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren." "He that is greatest among you shall be your servant." Our bond of union alike between individuals in each church and between churches in the common work, is not mutual domination but mutual fellowship. And I believe—yes, I more than believe—I know from prolonged experience and observation that the latter is not only a happier bond but a stronger one. A church loses not in comfort only but in efficiency when it allows itself to become a "One man Church." Our denomination will fill its place best in the onward progress of the Kingdom of God, not by contrivances enabling one man or one set of men to control its movements, dictate its utterances, or administer its discipline, but by the nurture of brotherly love, the development in each believer of an absolute loyalty to Christ, and the production thus of a spontaneous and eager pull-all-together under the leadership of Jesus who is "with us every day even unto the consummation of the age."

W. C. P.

The woods are an ever-new delight;
They give us peace and they make us strong,
Such wonderful balms to them belong;
So, living or dying, I'll take mine ease
Under the trees, under the trees.

—Stoddard.

Among the Churches.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Professor Bissell of Pomona College is spending a part of his vacation in the San Francisco bay region.

Remember the Sunday School Workers' Conference in the First Congregational Church of Oakland August 30 to Sept. 1st.

The Rev. John M. Schaefle, pastor of Pico Heights Church, Los Angeles, has been taking a short vacation in San Francisco and vicinity.

Our church at San Jose is to be congratulated because of the acceptance of the call extended to the Rev. W. W. Willard of Chicago, who supplied the pulpit for two months early this year.

The first monthly "at home" service in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley was a marked success. About 150 persons were present to partake of the dinner and enjoy the social hour and the fine musical program.

Last week at one stroke The Pacific knocked off $300 from the salary of the Rev. Roy H. Campbell of Palo Alto. The week before we had the Palo Alto church in the $1,500 list. But last week in some inexplicable manner it appeared in the $1,200 list.

The Rev. W. W. Scudder, the Washington home missionary superintendent, spent a few days in San Francisco and vicinity the last week. He came to place two daughters in Mills College. Pressure of work necessitated his return to Seattle on Monday of this week.

Mr. James L. Barker and two daughters, Miss Gertrude and Miss Georgie, of Berkeley, expect to go East next month and on the 19th of October take the steamship Cleveland at New York for a trip around the world. They will reach San Francisco early in February.

A Sunday morning class for men students was begun in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley last Sunday. It will be led by Professors Reed and Barrows of the University. The course followed for a few weeks is "The Application of Christianity to Social and Political Problems."

Last Monday the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity had the pleasure of listening to the Rev. E. W. Ellis, the American Board missionary in China who is supported in the foreign field by Plymouth Church, Seattle. There will be no meeting of the ministers next Monday.

The Lodi church was omitted in the list last week of churches paying a $1,200 salary. The last year book had it under the $1,000 mark. It pays $1,200 and has a parsonage in addition. We plan to give next week the list of churches having parsonages. Only thus can a fair estimate be made.

Mrs. Jenny Foote Bacon, wife of Professor Thomas R. Bacon of the University of California, passed into the other life from their home in Berkeley last Sunday. Professor Bacon has been ill for several years and laid aside from work. Their membership has been in the North Berkeley Church for some time.

The indications are that the Rev. E. E. Flint of Great Falls, Montana, will not accept the call to the Fruitvale Avenue Church of Oakland. The Montana church is endeavoring to persuade him to remain, among the inducements being an addition of $500 to the salary which is already more than the Fruitvale church can afford to pay at present.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific will be held Wednesday of next week in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. The forenoon session will begin at 10:30; the afternoon at 1:45. A varied and interesting program is being arranged. Different branches of the Board will be represented, the Washington branch sending as representative Mrs. R. S. Osgood of Seattle.

We welcome the Rev. and Mrs. J. B. Orr to the San Francisco bay region, Mr. Orr entering next Sunday on the pastorate of the Market Street Congregational Church. Interested in all things which make for the uplift of men and women, cultured and consecrated, we anticipate from them a wide helpfulness. Several years ago Mr. Orr had a San Francisco pastorate; accordingly city work will not be new for him.

A fine appointment that of Governor Johnson when he named Mr. Arthur Arlett of Plymouth Church, Oakland, to fill the vacancy on the commission having the handling and expenditure of the five million dollars appropriated by the state for the Panama Pacific Exposition! Mr. Arlett is a man of wide business experience and of integrity, and his voice and influence will be always for those things which will best serve legitimate interests and the interests of the state.

The yearly reports of the churches show that 144 new members were received into the Congregational churches of San Francisco last year on confession. The largest number was taken into Plymouth church by Rev. R. W. Rogers —thirty-three being received, twenty-one of which came on confession. But owing to the change of conditions in the community and the withdrawal of wealthy families to Berkeley, substantial members moved away faster than their places could be taken. Mr. Rogers has been in great demand for pulpit work since the union of Plymouth with First church.

Speaking recently of the use of moving pictures in connection with church work the Rev. Dr. W. H. Day of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles said: "Religious education should employ the most valuable educational methods within its reach. It is with this idea in view that this church, with others, has already taken up the kindergarten and manual training work. The invention of photography led to the making of illustrated Bibles; the invention of the stereopticon enabled pictures to be projected on a large scale, and now the most remarkable invention of all is the motion picture. In all education the first problem is that of attention. No one was ever helped by a great truth until he was persuaded to give his attention to it. The Bible, the greatest of all books, becomes a living force in the lives of men when the great scenes recorded upon its pages and the great words which fell from the lips of the prophets are

made vivid. Whenever the church has forgotten St. Paul's principle 'of being all things to all men' and has remained conventionalized and in ruts, the people have perished for want of that spiritual inspiration which comes only after their attention has been arrested. One reason why religious work in many cities of the Pacific coast is so much more successful than in some of the older cities of the East has been because of the alertness and enthusiasm with which both clergyman and layman have made use of the varied means of securing the attention and enforcing the great lessons of the gospel." Dr. Day is giving a series of Sunday evening sermons illustrated by moving pictures.

A CONTRAST.

There is one thing which immediately impresses the Sunday visitor at Claremont. It is the altogether sensible attitude which a whole community has taken toward the matter of church union. Claremont has a constituency approaching two thousand, comprising an area of orange country two or three miles to south and west and a compact gathering of homes about Pomona College. It cannot be said in its make up to be one church settlement. Seventeen different denominations are represented on its church roll. Each year the college graduating class has contributed loyal members to all the larger denominations as the young men and women have taken up their places anew in the cities and towns of the state. The community presents to you one church, well housed, splendidly equipped and adequately manned. Recently, in vacation time, on a hot summer morning I addressed a congregation which comfortably filled a commodious building. A pipe organ and properly trained choir insured the worthiness of a section of the service at least. That church employs two ministers on full time. It is the custom for one to speak in the morning and the other in the evening. The salaries paid are substantial and I am told match the quality of the sermons.

Fancy what it means to live in a town which yet lacks paved streets or a moving picture show and know that each Sunday you may worship with upwards of a thousand people and take your part in a service which in every way measures up to the high purpose which has brought you to that place. It is claimed by some authorities on church organization that the small congregation agreeing on its peculiar shade of creed and speaking with one voice as to the amount of water to be used in the service of baptism is insured a satisfying sense of social helpfulness. Some of us are coming to discredit that. The rest and refreshment which ought to be contributed to each communicant by that social atmosphere of common worship is sometimes dissipated when the congregation is so small that the individuality of each person sticks out and commands attention. I have felt more "at home"; I have entered into the sense of human companionship as well as recognized the Unseen Presence in a company of worshipers when I was unable to call a single soul by name. I have often lacked it altogether in a congregation where from the minister to the occupant of the last pew I could give the name and address of every worshiper.

Claremont thus far has but one church and it thoroughly meets the demands upon it. It has been able to ward off every attack of denominationalitis, though there is one incipient now I understand. I trust that it does not break out in the form of a small peaked roof structure, painted yellow, by the side of some road. It might be well for the town council to pass an ordinance declaring any such action a public nuisance.

The conditions are somewhat different in this college community where the church I serve is located. We are blessed with eight churches beside the Stanford Chapel, and two others show signs of quickening. If every man, woman, boy, girl and baby in the community was allied to some church and divided up evenly we would each boast a constituency of five hundred souls. Each church would have one hundred families to attend church and pay the bills. Unfortunately they do not all attend church and the bills are not all paid. One church gives three hundred dollars to missions and another a stone's throw away receives three hundred dollars from its missionary society to help pay the minister's salary. He is a splendid minister. He could serve well a church five times as large. I have often thought it would save time, postage and executive expenses to carry the three hundred dollars right over to him. It would have the same effect on some missionary station in Turkey.

The university opens in a week and we have already begun the quest for souls among the new comers.

ROY H. CAMPBELL.

Palo Alto, Cal.

CALIFORNIA.

Lodi.—The Congregational Church of Lodi paid recently a thousand dollar interest bearing debt.

San Rafael.—Sunday, August 25th, four were received into the church, making 96 the total number received during the pastorate of Rev. C. H. Stevens.

Sonoma.—A lot adjoining the church has been purchased and a new parsonage will be built thereon in the near future. The old parsonage property will be sold.

Berkeley Park.—The corner stone of the new building was laid last Sunday afternoon. Mayor Wilson gave a great address and the Rev. Dr. Doremus Scudder of Honolulu spoke impressively. The prayer was by President Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary. The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Oakland participated in the services.

San Francisco, Green Street.—Beginning next Sunday and extending over several days there will be a welcome to the new pastor and a reunion of members and friends of Green Street. Sunday morning at 10:45 there will be a union service of the Church and Sunday school, at which the Rev. John Brereton, who has been in charge for several months, will preside. There will be a program by the Sunday-school; and addresses of welcome with response by the new pastor, the Rev. Robert Walker. At four in the afternoon there will be a service of welcome by the Spanish congregation, and response by Mr. Walker. At 6:45 in the Christian Endeavor meeting there will be a "welcome" and response. At the evening service at 7:45 Mr. Walker will preach on "Christ Crucified," and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed. Tuesday evening at 8 the Sunday-school children will give the exercise "California Nugget;" and at 9:15 that evening there will be a social hour and reception to Mr. Walker and family under the direction of the ladies' aid society. At the gospel service and

prayer meeting Wednesday evening Mr. Walker will speak on "Christ and the City." Thursday evening, Sept. 5th, at 8, there will be a public service of recognition. The program will be arranged by the board of directors, of which Dr. Aked of the First Congregational Church is chairman, and the Rev. E. K. Strong, the Presbyterian Pastoral evangelist, is secretary. Pastors and members of other churches are especially invited to this service. The Rev. William Rader of Calvary Presbyterian Church, and the Rev. Mr. Walker, moderator of the San Francisco Presbytery, will speak, as will also some Congregationalists whose names have not been furnisehd the writer of this item.

WASHINGTON.

Seattle, Plymouth.—The pulpit was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. James H. Lash of Pasadena, California.

Snohomish.—The Rev. L. L. Wood, pastor at Snohomish, is spending a couple of weeks in California and Southern Oregon.

Seattle.—The Congregational Brotherhood had luncheon last Saturday in honor of the Rev. Dr. E. L. Smith who takes departure soon for New York.

Seattle, Pilgrim.—Beginning Sunday, Sept. the 8th, the pulpit will be occupied for two months by the Rev. Frank Dyer of Chicago, formerly secretary of the Congregational Brotherhood. The pastor elect, the Rev. Hugh Elmer Brown of Hartford, Connecticut, will enter on the work early in November.

Walla Walla.—The Congregational people of Walla Walla have provided a new home at 102 Otis street for Dr. and Mrs. Brooks which they will occupy as soon as they return from their summer outing with friends in the mountains of Eastern Oregon. Dr. Brooks will be in his pulpit on Sunday, September the 8th. The first Sunday of September he goes to Colfax to assist in the dedication of the new church building.

Tolt.—Tolt Congregational Church has been astir the past few months. Beginning with the calendar year Rev. A. I. Ferch of the Yellowstone Association, Montana, was called to the church. The few faithful people had become quite discouraged with the outlook in the past, but have since rallied to the occasion. The town is taking on new life and since the advent of the railroads has the promise of a good place. A reading room has been established by the C. E. for the benefit of the public, which is located in a convenient place in town. A recent series of evangelistic meetings was closed with the result of almost doubling the interest in the church. Twelve adults—six by confession and six by letter—were received into the fellowship of the church at the close of the meetings. With this arousing of the religious zeal the people are now ready to remodel their church and take steps toward building a parsonage.

A bookseller in Cleveland advertised for a porter. A big muscular Irishman walked in and glanced around. Finally, his eye rested on a big sign "Dickens' works all this week for $4." The Irishman read it and edged toward the front door. The floorwalker asked if he wanted something, and the applicant remarked, "Oi come in t' git th' job, but Oi'll not care f'r it. Dickens kin worruk all th' week f'r $4 if he wants to. Oi'll not. Ye'd better kape him." And the visitor strode vigorously out.

A NEW AMERICAN HYMN

An American hymn, entitled "America Befriend!" has been written by the Rev. Dr. Henry Van Dyke and is published by the Continent along with music by William Pierson Merrill. The words are:

O Lord our God, Thy mighty hand
Hath made our country free;
From all her broad and happy land
May worship rise to Thee.
Fulfil the promise of her youth,
Her liberty defend;
By law and order, love and truth,
America, America befriend!

The strength of ev'ry state increase
In Union's golden chain;
Her thousand cities fill with peace,
Her million fields with grain.
The virtues of her mingled blood
In one new people blend;
By unity and brotherhood,
America, America befriend!

O suffer not her feet to stray;
But guide her untaught might,
That she may walk in peaceful day,
And lead the world in light,
Bring down the proud, lift up the poor,
Unequal ways amend
By justice, nation-wide and sure,
America, America befriend!

Thro' all the waiting land proclaim
Thy gospel of good will;
And may the joy of Jesus' name
In ev'ry bosom thrill.
O'er hill and vale, from sea to sea,
Thy holy reign extend;
By faith and hope and charity
America, America befriend!

WHAT LINCOLN DID.

Nicolay's Summary of His Achievements Appearing in the September "Century."

One more note of my father's I must give, writes Helen Nicolay in the September "Century," telling "Characteristic Anecdotes of Lincoln"—a summary in Mr. Nicolay's own handwriting, made when writing had become well-nigh impossible for him, of what Lincoln, his dearest friend and greatest hero, achieved and died for:

"Lincoln's Achievements.

"Turned his defeat for the Senate into a success for the Presidency.

"Took into the cabinet his rivals, and made them his ministers and servants.

"Conquered the Rebellion.

"Liberated the slaves.

"Outwitted all the intrigues against him in cabinet and camp.

"Gave his implacable rival the Chief-Justiceship.

"Disarmed all criticism by shouldering all faults.

"Consolidated his party and increased his majorities.

"Held the people to their task.

Made the strongest argument for peace, and the best defense of war.

"Gave in his Springfield Prayer, his Gettysburg Address and his Second Inaugural the most pathetic and eloquent utterances of his time.

"Forcible in speech and faultless in logic, he enriched the language with new thoughts, new definitions, new maxims, new parables and new proverbs.

"Was a true type and exemplar of his country, his race and his government.

"Wore honor without pride, and wielded power without oppression.

"Lived like a peasant by necessity of birth and fortune, reigned like a monarch by right representative instincts, native intellect, the wisdom of humility and love of his fellow-men.

"Died a martyr and was wept by the civilized world."

The Home.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

Oh, I long to lie, dear mother,
On the cool and fragrant grass;
With the calm blue sky above my bed,
And the shadowy clouds that pass;
And I want the bright, bright sunshine
All around about my head,
I'll close my eyes and God will think
Your little boy is dead.

Then Christ will send an angel
To take me up to him;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Far through the ether dim;
He will gently, gently lay me
Close by the Saviour's side,
And when I'm sure that I'm in Heaven
My eyes I'll open wide.

Then I'll look among the angels
Who stand around the throne,
Till I find my sister Mary,
For I know she must be one;
And when I find her, mother,
We will go away alone;
I will tell her how we mourned for her
All the time that she's been gone.

Oh! I shall be delighted
To hear her speak again,
Though I know she'll not return to us,
To ask her would be vain;
So I'll put my arms around her
And look into her eyes,
And remember all I say to her,
And all her sweet replies.

Then I will ask an angel
To take me back to you;
He will bear me slow and steadily
Down through the ether blue.
And you'll only think, dear mother,
That I've been out to play,
And gone to sleep beneath the tree
This sultry summer day.

OUR NEED OF A FINER COURTESY.

We need a new beautitude, which shall read something like this: Blessed are those who, having ears, hear not, and having eyes, see not. Such a sentiment, printed in display type and hung within plain view, would add to the peace and harmony of many a home. We see too much, hear too much. We need in our homes more of that fine courtesy which, when we are among strangers, makes us blind and deaf to those things which we should not see and hear. The very fact of our family intimacy and love ought to work for this, instead of acting, as it does, to make us more observant, even watchful and critical, than we are with strangers.

Half of the troubles that mar the serenity of home are caused by trifles that a generous mind could overlook. If we could but school ourselves to be blind and deaf to a great deal life would be much easier and smoother.

Mothers especially, with the constant need for correction and reproof, that Johnny's manners and Jennie's habits may be reasonably good, easily form a habit that is only one remove from nagging. And it is only too easy to slip from the one into the other. A woman's life is made up of details; Johnny must wash his neck and Jennie must brush her teeth, and however much we may weary of the daily routine, we must stay with it. But the very fact that our life is so filled with apparently trivial tasks makes it the more necessary that we cultivate breadth of vision, and that these tasks, which must not be forgotten, shall be kept in their right relation to the other interests of life.

It is the trifles, the little irritations, that spoil home life. Many of them are here today and gone tomorrow. Why notice them? Why not cultivate a courtesy a generous spirit, that is blind to these little annoyances?

Children are extremely sensitive to a critical atmosphere, and no child, especially one of nervous temperment, can be natural and at ease in a home where every act and word are constantly being criticised. A judicious blindness toward their faults and a sympathetic appreciation of any effort, however small, that may be worthy, will go a long way toward making home happy for our children.

That quality of life which the old lady expressed by the word "livableness," and which is found wanting in many who are otherwise lovable, is due in a large measure to this very faculty of overlooking much that goes on and which has its source in a large forbearance.

A certain freedom of action is the prerogative of every soul. Initiative, self-respect, truthfulness, courtesy, poise of spirit, all are outgrowths of it. And the converse is only too unhappily true. We cannot expect our children to be truthful if they are hectored in every act; nor to have self-respect or any power of initiative if never allowed to think for themselves.

No one can be said to be well mannered who is self-conscious, but who could fail to be self-conscious, living in an atmosphere of constant correction and espionage!

To overlook how an act is done in appreciation of the act itself or the effort that prompted it, to be sympathetic instead of critical, to be blind to trifles and deaf to things it were better for us not to hear, to be loving and cheerful

instead of cross and worried—surely this would add to the comfort and happiness of any home. And since the comfort and happiness of its inmates should be the primary object of every home, it is well worth while to try anything that may promote them.—Annie Wood Cantrall, in The Continent.

LOGICAL MEANING TO EVERY DREAM.

Deepest Life and Inner Desires Reflected in Brain-Dramas of Our Sleep.

Many persons turn from dreams with a smile of disdain, writes the Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D., in the September "Century." Why try to explain things which have no meaning to explain?

Dreams are simply the phantasmagoria of idle brains. And yet were this true, how strangely paradoxical would the history of man appear! We owe to the genius of Professor Sigmund Freud of Vienna the remarkable discovery, which in this realm is so revolutionary that it makes all preceding discussions almost obsolete, that every dream, even the most trivail, has a logical, rational, and coherent meaning. For the first time dreams are seen to be in continuous relation to our waking experiences—nay, to be the inevitable outcome of psychological antecedents, each bound to each in accordance with laws that are as rigorous as the regularities of the physical universe.

Professor Freud's fundamental dogma is that there is nothing senseless, irrational, or accidental in our psychic experiences, but that to the seeing eye the most fantastic imagery, the most incongruous absurdity, can be reduced to an intelligible and orderly scheme. Still further, he has abundantly shown that when dreams are interpreted, they are seen to rise out of our deepest life and to reflect our inner desires, our conflicts, the subconscious or unconscious trend of character which is hidden from us amid the preoccupations and interests of the waking day. Thus the analysis of dreams in the hands of a master is the most powerful instrument for probing the deepest secrets of the soul, for laying bare, not merely the concealed motives and expressions which subconsciously affect the normal life, but also the morbid processes which set up hysterai, multiple personality, abnormal fears, and various types of loss of memory. Hence we are witnessing at the present time the rise of a School of Psychological Medicine whose chief business it is to explore the hidden depths of personality by an analysis of the dreamnig consciousness.

According to Professor Freud, dreams are the symbolic speech of the unconscious. When any dream is analyzed it is found to consist of two elements, (1) the dream as it presents itself to the dreamer's consciousness, full, it may be, of absurdities, impracticabilities, and contradictions, and (2) the essential underlying thoughts whch are part and parcel of the dreamer's waking mental life.

CONSISTENTLY CHEERFUL.

Everybody longs to be happy. Few people try to be consistently cheerful. In other words, the majority long for something to be given by outside fate, and neglect the way to get it for themselves. For to be consistently cheerful is the dynamic way to be happy.

Inconsistent cheerfulness is of no especial value. To be cheerful because one is enjoying life is a matter of course. Consistent cheerfulness is another and a braver matter. It means, first, a firm belief that God is good and that all things work together for good to his obedient children. It means secondly, a determination to be courageous and helpful and pleasant tempered at every moment and under all conditions. Cheerfulness must have backbone or it collapses at the first crisis. But with backbone, it becomes second nature—an unspeakable improvement on the original.

True cheerfulness may be called voluntary happiness. By the great psychological law of reflex action, the outward smile (forced to the lips, perhaps, by sheer will power at times) reflects itself in the inner soul, like a ray of sunshine from a prism, and dances in the heart, even on a wall of difficulty. It is impossible to keep outwardly cheerful, day after day, without becoming inwardly happier in the end. By being cheerful, one comes to be happy. They belong together. One can have both—or neither—as one chooses.

"Isn't it wonderful she can be so serene and lovely," you hear it said often, "when she has had such terrible trouble in her life?" But there is nothing marvelous about it. It is the working of cause and effect. To resolve to be cheerful through all events is within the power of every child of God, and it leads on to peace and sunshine of soul on earth, and forward to the glorious happiness of heaven—Great Thoughts

THE CARE OF OLD PEOPLE.

Marion Harland writes about the care of old people. She makes the point that it is unwise to relieve old people of all responsibility, especially if they have led active lives. Here is a story illustrating her contention:

"Another prosperous man took his sixty-five-year-old mother to his home, and was mightily applauded for the deed. 'She had had a pretty tough time bringing up a family of six children and nursing an invalid husband for five or six years before he died. She was a good, energetic woman, "capable" in the best Yankee sense of the word, and deserved the best her rich son could do for her.'

"Thus her little world of observers and advisers.

"No direct attempt was made in the new home to interfere with her ideas and habits. Her amiable daughter-in-law and affectionate son lined the nest with satin, and fed her upon the finest of the wheat and upon honey from the rock. "Grandma's will was law in all that concerned herself.

"I spent a few days in the house when she had made her home' with her son and his family ten years. She was a querulous, suspicious, senile wreck of her once bonny and blithe self. She almost literally rusted in the armchair, from which she seldom stirred all day long. The sharp eyes retained something of the old fire, but it was a baleful gleam, forever following the movements of the companions she detested and distrusted. From the outset she had no sympathy with their feelings and pursuits. She reminded me now of a spider crouched in a corner of her web, ready to dart at any heedless fly that chanced to cross the field of vision.

"One whine especially, which was uttered at every meal, rings in my ears even to this day:

" 'O, I wisht I could eat somethin' tastes like it useter!'

"It was not the cry of hunger, but the cry of satiety."

Some people think pain's a pain,
But mother's sure it isn't;
And grandma smiles and says her aches
Must be the rheumatisn't.

Our Young People

SADIE OLIVER'S EXCITING EXPERIENCE.

Sadie Oliver was starting to her grandmother's farm, two miles distant from her own home, which was also on a farm. She was carrying a basket of dainties to her grandmother, for the dear old lady had been ill.

"Take a short cut through Mr. Purvis' pasture, dear," Mrs. Oliver said after Sadie had kissed her goodbye. "It will save you fully half a mile."

"All right, mamma," said Sadie. Then singing gaily she went on her way.

Mr. Purvis usually had a herd of sheep grazing in the pasture, but to-day as Sadie went along she noticed the absence of animals. The pasture seemed to have been turned over to the rabbits and birds.

After walking about a mile Sadie came to a small grove of trees which shaded a little pond. The ground about the lake was rugged and rocky, and Sadie loved it because it was so unlike the rest of the surrounding country.

At the same moment she heard a snort, and glancing round beheld an infuriated bull coming at full speed towards her. A tree grew beside the boulder on which she stood, and she climbed it, quickly, first putting her basket on the very top of the pile of boulders.

Hardly had Sadie got to a safe position in the tree when the raging animal reached the boulders. He pawed, snorted and bellowed and shook the tree with his powerful head. But Sadie did not feel afraid, for she was well seated in a crotch made by two stout limbs, and was firmly holding herself in place by means of two smaller branches which seemed to have grown there for the purpose.

But after wearing off the sharpest of his rage the bull withdrew to the edge of the pond, drank, and turned about and began looking at Sadie.

"I do believe he means to stay here till I come down," said Sadie. "The only thing which worries me is that grandmother is looking for me, and when I do not appear at the right time she'll phone to mamma. Then mamma will be frightened and start out to look for me. I must keep a lookout for her."

Sadie climbed to a higher seat among the branches which formed a fork. From there she could see the top of the hill over which her mother would come.

"I'll wave a flag to attract her attention," said Sadie. And she took off her pink gingham apron and tied the strings about her wrist so that in no case could she drop it.

Soon Sadie saw the flutter of something white rising over the hill in the distance. It was her mother's sunbonnet. Sadie grasped firmly a strong bough with her right hand while with the left she waved frantically her pink apron, shouting out loudly, "Hello! Hel-lo! Moth-er—don't—come. A bull—in—the—pasture. Go—send—Dad—on—horseback."

Mrs. Oliver ran down the other side the hill and Sadie knew she would cover the ground between the stile and home quickly. "Poor mamma. I'm sorry to have her so frightened and excited. I'm so sorry I came through the pasture."

But the little girl had not long to wait, for presently she saw her father and two of his farmhands coming on horses. They had not waited to ride round to the gate, but had torn down a portion of the fence near the stile.

When Mr. Oliver rode beneath the tree where Sadie was she looked down and smiled at him. "Papa, I,m safe and whole. So is my companion down there on the edge of the pond." And she pointed towards the bull that was standing at the edge of the water' looking for all the world like a beast at bay.

Very soon Mr. Oliver and his men had the animal driven out across the pasture and Sadie came down and returned home by way of the stile, taking the basket of sun-dried dainties with her.

"Well, when mother 'phoned and said Sadie had not yet arrived, I was all but frightened to death," said Mrs. Oliver, clasping Sadie in her arms. "I knew something dreadful had happened to her. I couldn't wait for father to come in from the fields and I had no way of reaching him, for all the hands were in the field also. So I started out to find my girlie."

"Well, it was rather an exciting experience, one I should not care to repeat," declared Sadie. "And to think that all grandma's nice custard was spoiled. We must make her some more."—Detroit News.

"JUST LET IT HURT!"

We were among the Tennessee Mountains, and came upon a log cabin on a sunny southern slope. The only evidences of prosperity were to be found in a brood of tow-headed little children who were scampering about the door-yard. The oldest was a sturdy lad of twelve or thirteen. He told us his own name in answer to our query; and then we asked him that of a little shaver of five or six, who was tagging him around like a shadow.

"His name? He ain't got no name. We jest call him Monkey. That's his name,—jest Monkey; and he's mean!"

"What does he do?"

"Bothers! Bothers dad and mam and all the young ones and me. He bothers me when I work and when I play."

"Do you have to work?"

"Work? Well, I should say. I cut all the wood that's cut fer this here place."

He was a worker, sure enough; but he followed us over hill and vale, through forest and clearing, through stubble fields and bramble patches. As he emerged from one of those tangled masses of blackberry bushes which are so common in that region, I noticed that his little bare shins from his knee to his ankle were just streaming with blood.

"Whew!" said I, sympathetically.

"That's nothin'!"

"Don't it hurt?"

"Hurt? You bet it hurts!"

"What are you going to do about it?"

"Do? I ain't a going to do nothin' but jest let it hurt!"

Now that is the kind of stuff that makes men! "Jest let it hurt." Don't squeal, don't kick, don't put up your lip, but "jest let it hurt." It is not such a bad education as some others for a boy to go stumbling barefooted around a farm or through a country village. I pity the boy who has never done it.—Evangelist.

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NOT THE MEDICINE FOR HIM.

Mother: "What are you doing, Harry?"

Harry: "I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

Mother: "Yes, so I did."

Harry: "Well, I've counted two hundred and thirty seven, and I'm madder'n when I started."—Exchange.

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